



## Insane



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### Chapter 1 by The Book of Stories

My heart quickens when a stampede of skeletal creatures lunge toward me.

My quickest instinct is to try to run, but my feet were glued to the floor.

All I could do is watch the stampede of bones race to me.

I let out a sharp scream of pain when they bite into my skin.

"Andrew! Wake up!! Stop screaming!" A voice whispered harshly in my ear, and a warm hand touched my arm.

My eyes peel open to reveal my worried sister staring at me, caressing my arm to help me calm down. She could calm anyone down with her baby blue eyes, covered by perky black glasses, that hung over her face, and short blonde hair . She was adorable, at her age of 10.

"Heh..sorry, Anna." I groan, pushing her glasses up to her nose while sitting up in my bed.

"You need to control these dreams, Andrew. Mom and dad really will send you to the nut house." Her voice was still worried.

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My sister patted me on the shoulder and turned off the light.

"Goodnight, you guys."

"Goodnight..." I smiled at her, but it was fake.

When she left, I slowly closed my eyes. Sleeping is torture to me. Monsters and every possible thing you have nightmares about exists in my imagination.

Reluctantly, I drift into a horrible sleep, where death mocks me.

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